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Qui celebrait la nymphe Echo,
Bruioit la Nereide,
Desarmoit il le dieu de l'enfer,
En taureau changeoit Jupiter,
Fesoit filer Alcide.

Qui rend si fier, qui rend si doux,
Si tendre, si coquette,
Si confiant, et se jaloux,
Si vive, et si discrète,
Qui cede tout pour tout gagner,
Qui si soumit, pour mieux regner,
Qu' on fuit, et qu' on regrette.

Qui par fois, emouvoit la pitié,
Par fois, beut sa ch  me,
Tantot ressemble a l'amiti  ,
Et tantot, a la haine,
Qui s'alemente de rigueurs,
Expire en comble des faveurs,
F  u celeste ! ombre vaine !
A Translation required.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

AMONG the most affecting stories of ancient romance, is the beautiful episode of Argalus and Parthenia, in "Sydney's Arcadia," which is founded on a traditional tale of a Lady Montacute ; who, in 1456, jousted *en Cavalier*, at a tournament in Berwick. An unpublished poetical romance commemorating this latter circumstance, has been found among the papers of a literary person, from which the following extract is given to the Belfast Magazine.

* * * * *

BRIGHT rose the sun in robes of light,
To woo the blushing morn,
The spangling dew-drops gemm'd the plain,
And sweetly smell'd the thorn.

When Eldra rose, whose trembling heart,
Beat high with doubt and fear,
And oft she heav'd a bursting sigh,
And dropp'd a silent tear.

So wild appear'd her bold emprise,
With such sure dangers fraught,
That death seem'd now her only hope,
Her refuge even from thought.

Arise, she cried, my faithful page,
I hear the trumpet call,
This day shall end thy toil and pain,
By wretched Eldra's fall.

With trembling hand, her burnish'd helm,
Upon her head she placed,
That lovely head more fit to be,
With flow'ry chaplet grac'd.

Then soon they reach the spacious lists,
Where many a gallant knight,
Cours'd gayly on his warrior steed,
Impatient for the fight.

There Scottish lords, of noble race,
In gorgeous arms array'd,
And high-born English gentlemen,
Their wealth and power display'd.

As lilacks near a grove of oaks,
Their slender branches rear,
Even so amid the martial throng,
Did Eldra's form appear.

Then loud the signal trumpet blew,
The tourney to begin,
When foremost in the lists she saw,
Sir Mandlebert ride in.

But oh, how alter'd was his dress,
From what she'd seen before,
For costly now was his attire,
And rich the arms he wore.

Bright diamonds round his golden casque,
Their beaming lustre spread,
And lofty plumes of white and blue,
Wav'd graceful o'er his head.

Upon his shield a ruby heart,
Entwin'd with chaplets shone,
And round it was his motto trac'd,
"I bend to love alone."

But what more strange to Eldra seem'd,
Was that the knight had on;
That very scarf which he as prize,
At Bartram castle won.

From pride, she said, he wears my scarf,
To boast his victory,
And never did he put it on,
For any love of me.

Next came a noble knight of Wales,
Sir Lewin was his name,
Well known at many a solemn joust,
For deeds of peerless fame.

His armour black was barr'd with gold,
A lion grac'd his shield,
And round was written this device,
"The valliant scorn to yield."

And three bold knights did he unhorse,
With dauntless might and main,
Next challeng'd he Sir Mandlebert,
Who fell'd him to the plain.

Despair and love to madness grown,
Fair Eldra's bosom fir'd
And all the strangers manly charms,
Anew her heart inspir'd.

Then wildly rushing through the croud,
To Mandlebert she cried,
Prepare, bold knight, for soon this arm,
Shall check thy haught and pride.

Cease, gentle youth, the knight replies,
Thou canst not vie with me,
For well I wot, thy form and years
With combat ill agree.

Shame on such boasting vain she cries,
Ev'n though my years be few,
I well might couch a shining lance,
With better knights than you.

They rest their spears but Eldra's arm,
 Could ill its weight sustain,
 And with the first light blow he cut,
 Her helmet-brace in twain.
 Down dropp'd the casque, her yellow hair,
 In many a curling fold,
 Around her graceful shoulders fell,
 Like strings of waving gold.
 But ah! the ruthless sword had pierc'd
 The helmet clasps between,
 And trickling from her snowy neck,
 A crimson stream was seen.
 Ill fall thee! shriek'd the frantic Page,
 That caus'd her blood to flow,
 That paid with cruelty and death,
 A heart that loved thee so.
 Wild horror rent Lord Derwent's breast,
 He vaulted from his horse
 Snatch'd to his heart her dying form,
 And bore her from the course.
 Press'd in his arms, life's ebbing tide,
 Flush'd her pale cheek again,
 As through some tissue's changing dye,
 Soft crimson shades are seen.
 But as the rosy tint of eve,
 Faints with night's dark'ning hue,
 Thus fleeting at the approach of death,
 The varying colour flew.
 To say a last, a fond adieu,
 With quivering lips she tried,
 But life's last fluttering throb was o'er,
 She sigh'd—look'd up—and died.
 Here drop the pen—here cease the tale—
 Words cannot tell the rest,
 A lover's, parent's, griefs are felt
 By tears and silence best.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. DAVID MOORE,
 OF LARNE,

A young man, of whose character, it is
 not enough to say that it was unblem-
 ished, it was *actively* good; and whose
 death is not only afflicting to his
 friends, but a real loss to society.

HARK! from the hallow'd banks of In-
 ver's stream,
 With deep and sullen sound, yon mournful
 knell,
 Proclaims how, waked from life's unstable
 dream,
 Lamented MOORE has badethe world fare-
 well!

Ah! youth beloved! to thee the verse
 is due,
 If goodness e'er could prompt the Poet's
 tongue,
 Goodness like thine, alas! unknown to
 few,

Too rare a subject for the votive song.
 Remote from wild ambition's guilty
 way,
 In virtue's vale thy nobler course was
 held;
 No sordid wish e'er taught thy steps to
 stray,
 Nor vicious passions in thy breast rebell'd.
 No tale of sorrow ever met thine ear,
 But touch'd thy sympathizing heart with
 grief;
 No object of distress was ever near,
 But from thy ready hand obtained relief.
 Oft as the patriot feelings in thy mind
 Griev'd for the woes that bade thy country
 groan,
 Thy milk of kindness streamed for all
 mankind,
 And made the sorrows of the race thy
 own.

Thine was no formal cold benevolence,
 Which but in vain professions makes a
 show;
 Ah! no; it sought a nobler recompense
 Than human approbation can bestow.

But ne'er averse the social joys to
 share,
 When innocence would with these joys
 unite;
 Good-nature still thy presence would en-
 dear,
 And from thy converse ever flow'd delight.
 Then is it strange to hear the swains
 relate,
 With heavy hearts, those virtues now no
 more;
 Ah! no; indulge them—let them mourn
 the fate,
 That from their view so soon those virtues
 tore.

To yonder sacred walls behold they go;
 His dear remains reluctant on are mov'd;
 Each down-cast eye betrays a heart of
 woe;

How sad such duty to a youth beloved;
 To see his father, venerably mild,
 While in his breast the struggling anguish
 spreads;
 To mark his mother mourn her darling
 child,
 To view the lovely tears his sister sheds;
 And, ah! the orphans whom he sav'd,
 to view

Their much-lov'd benefactor's bier at-
 tend,

Say, can our hearts the rising grief sub-
 due,
 Nor mourn the saint, the patriot, and
 the friend!

But, lo, in yonder glorious realms he
 reigns,